

THE PACIFIC



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Using the Spare Moments.

I have in my time known many famous in war, in statesmanship, in science, in the professions and in business. If I were asked to declare the secret of their success I should attribute it in general not to any superiority of natural genius, but to the use they made in youth, after the ordinary day's work was over, of the hours which other men throw away or devote to idleness or rest, or society. There are doubtless many dull men, there are doubtless many men of rare and brilliant genius. But the great things that have been done in this world have not in general been done by men of rare genius, and dull men who have done their best have contributed very largely to what has been done for mankind. The great things in this world have been done by men of ordinary natural capacity, who have done their best. They have done their best by never wasting their time. It has been said that the great fortunes in this country have been accumulated not by men with a genius for making money, but with a genius for money-keeping; that it is not the size of the brook, but the strength and tightness of the dam which makes the great pond. That is as true of the result of a life's work in getting honor or power or fame, or in storing mental capacity or doing public service, as it is in money-getting. If half the hours of your day run to waste there will be but half as much to show for your life when it is over. I cannot overstate this matter. "It is what we sow," says the great preacher of the English church, Jeremy Taylor. "It is what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years that grows up to crowns and scepters."—Hon. Geo. F. Hoar.

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Two Religions.

A woman sat by a hearthstone place
Reading a book with a pleasant face,
Till a child came up with a childish frown
And pushed the book, saying, "Put it down."

Then the mother, slapping his curly head,
Said, "Troublesome child, go off to bed;
A great deal of Christ's life I must know
To train you up as a child should go."
And the child went off to bed to cry
And denounce religion—by and by.

Another woman bent o'er a book,
With a smile of joy, and an intent look,
Till a child came up and jogged her knee,
And said of the book, "Put it down—
take me."

Then the mother sighed as she stroke his head,
Saying softly, "I never shall get it read;
But I'll try by loving to learn His will,
And His love into my child instill."
That child went to bed without a sigh
And will love religion—by and by.

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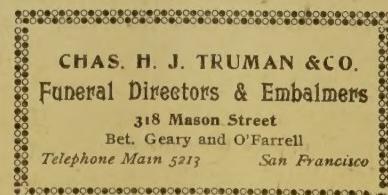
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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, June 27, 1901.

Straight Onward.

You are face to face with trouble!
No wonder you cannot sleep;
But stay and think of the promise,
The Lord will safely keep
And lead you out of the thicket
And into the pasture land;
You have only to walk straight onward,
Holding the dear Lord's hand.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



The editor of *The Pacific* left San Francisco last Thursday on a trip of three or four weeks in Oregon and Washington in the interests of the paper. Friends about the bay have kindly consented to relieve him largely of the editorial work for that time in order that by such a change he may have a much-needed rest from the close mental application of two and a half years, both as editor and business manager of the paper, with nothing that can be called a vacation during that period of time.

—
The extract from a recent article by Senator Hoar, printed in the San Francisco "Call" and reprinted on our cover, is worthy of general attention and serious consideration. It is not a novel presentation; it has often been urged and impressively illustrated. The world's list of scholars and of men of affairs alike abounds in confirmations. Our own nation and age will supply so many that one cannot miss inspiring examples in whichever direction the eyes are turned. But the case, as Mr. Hoar justly remarks, cannot be overstated, nor the matter too frequently pressed upon the attention. And it is cause for gratulation that the honored Massachusetts Senator has added the weight of his endorsement to considerations of such vital import to our youth, and to those who have to do with their training. The diversions of a people are the best test of their character. The employment of their full or comparative leisure is what tells most powerfully upon destiny. Five minutes each day, systematically devoted to its study, will put almost any one far in advance of the average intelligence even of cultivated people, upon some important branch of knowledge. We had purposed citing illustrations of the matter now urged, but abstain because of their frequency. A single instance, moreover, discovered for one's self, is worth a whole array of those culled by another.

Our Seminary.

When the idea was first broached of moving our Theological Seminary from its slighty hill in Oakland to the neighborhood of the State University, a great many questions were asked and some criticisms were made. It was soon evident that many of the good people of our churches were not looking at the question in any broad light. Educational methods have been changing in the last few years and demands on the ministry are different from what they formerly were. A man is not likely to be properly fitted for the ministry now by spending two or three years in the home of a country clergyman, visiting with him the families in his parish and reading theology under his direction; nor is he likely to get the best fitting for the ministry in a Seminary that stands entirely by itself. He needs to have all the advantages furnished by lectureships and libraries, and to be in touch with the world's thought.

Whether we like it or not, the State Universities in our Western States are the coming institutions of learning. Men and women come there by the thousand, and to our smaller Christian colleges only by the score. The University is a State institution, and must be entirely free from all sectarian bias, but outside of the university all is free. Off the campus any party who chooses can buy property and plant any institution they choose. Buddhists could start a propaganda within a hundred feet of the campus and there is no law to prevent. It is right and proper that any denomination that chooses shall place its theological school where it can have all the advantages offered by our State University. It is to our credit that we are among the first to appreciate the advantages to be gained and to move our Seminary as close as possible to the University. Many of the friends of a sister denomination are conscious now of the mistake they have made in putting their Seminary off by itself in the country, where its really fine buildings and valuable property make it difficult to change. We fortunately have not been hampered by any such conditions. Our lot in Oakland was valuable; our buildings were not. There was nothing in the way of our moving except our affection for the location around which cluster many delightful memories.

When we undertook to make the move, having been convinced of its wisdom, we found our first difficulty in

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the selection of a location within our means as to price and within five minutes' walk of any of the proposed buildings of the University campus. After considerable investigation we purchased what seemed to be the best lot for our purpose on one of the principal avenues. A number of thousands of dollars were contributed by interested friends and a large part of the price was paid, when we awoke to the consciousness that in its readjustment of its campus the University wanted our lot. It was a part of our policy to keep on the best terms possible with the Regents of the University—not to ask any favors of them but to be sure that our relations were friendly. It should be stated at this point that their spirit toward us has been and is of this character. After conference, the basis was arranged on which the Regents should take the lot from us and we made selection of another lot that seemed about as good as the one we had bought. All this time the great financial question was the sale of the old property in Oakland. Now, while we were somewhat at sea because of the matters mentioned above, it was found possible to make a trade with an association which was looking for a site for its institution. Our part of the trade was a large lot in Berkeley close to the University, upon one corner of which is a building with forty-eight rooms, erected years ago for a boarding school. We looked upon it as a means of disposing of the Oakland property, and giving us a temporary shelter until we could decide where we would put our permanent buildings. The trade was made. We are prepared to open the Seminary in the aforesaid building this fall. We have just awakened to the consciousness that there has been a divine oversight of the movement which we had not apprehended. Our situation now is this; in place of our lot in Oakland we have a lot in Berkeley large enough to hold all the buildings we shall want to erect in the next century; on it is a better building for our immediate use than the ones we have traded. In addition to this we have \$15,000 in cash, which comes to us in the trade, and \$12,000, which had been contributed to purchase the first lot in Berkeley, available on the purchase of this final lot. The situation then gives us a location in Berkeley far better for the future of the Seminary than the hill in Oakland, with all the building we need for present use, and \$27,000 in cash.

So much for the material part of it. The move is really made. We have only to adjust ourselves to the new location and conditions. We are one of the first seminaries in the country to get right beside a great State university, to receive benefits from it and to confer benefits in the influence upon the personal Christian life of the students. We purpose to do this to the extent of our ability, and plans are now being considered for making a home for Congregational students of the University as well as those in the Seminary. We purpose to keep close beside the College Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., which are doing better work every year. That is, instead of standing off on the outside, and throwing brick-

bats at the State University, we purpose to show a warm, sympathetic spirit for its work, and to help all that we can in its life, not in any sectarian spirit, but in the broadest and most catholic spirit possible.

One of the first results of the spirit of this move has been in the donation of \$50,000 to the Seminary for a lectureship. We buy books giving the lectures of great men in our Eastern institutions and in England, and read them with eagerness. We hear of Principal Fairbairn of Oxford lecturing at Eastern seminaries, and realize that there are some things the East has which we have not. Our Seminary is now in a situation to supply a part of this lack. When Principal Fairbairn comes to America again, we shall hear him in California if money can bring him here. In the meantime, such men as Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Lyman Abbott and others, whose thought is largely influencing the East, will be heard in Berkeley in a course of lectures which all Christian people enjoy. This lectureship is entirely under the control of the Seminary. It will undoubtedly reach and influence professors and students in the University, and will be a blessing to our Congregational ministers in all this region. It is only the first of numbers of things which we hope our Seminary will accomplish in its new location. Our Faculty will be under the constant stimulus to do its best work. Our students will have the use of the University libraries and collections. They will be in a thoroughly educational atmosphere. There are some of us who believe that we shall live a better and more active spiritual life there than elsewhere, and that the young men who go out from the Seminary will be much better equipped for their work. We also dare to hope that now and then young men in the University will be led to choose the ministry for their life work. A.

Thomas H. Huxley

One of the interesting and valuable memoirs recently issued is that of T. H. Huxley. It is a large work, in two volumes, and takes up with great minuteness every period in the life of this remarkable man. It serves to increase greatly one's sense of Huxley's importance as a man of science and as a practical administrator of affairs. But it is especially valuable to the religious public as furnishing the means of a better understanding of the character and aims of one who was a leader in the conflicts between religious and scientific thought from fifty to twenty-five years ago, was the inventor of the term "Agnosticism," and was often thought to be the bitter and implacable enemy of everything elevated, ideal and religious.

Huxley came early to the conviction that the great realities with which religion has to do—the existence and nature of the soul and its destiny, and the nature and character of God—were beyond the powers of knowledge possessed by the mind of man. It is not very clear where he got this conception. Determinative ideas of great men are not always the result of profound study. But

having got it, it grew with his growth and ripened with his development. If he did not derive it from careful instruction, or comprehensive study, he cannot be said to have neglected the writings of those who opposed it vigorously, for he always read more or less metaphysics throughout life, and in his last years spent more time over theology and philosophy than anything else. And certainly, in the clearness and tenacity with which he held those views, he left nothing to be desired. He defended them, incidentally or more of set purpose, in a series of essays which will always be regarded as belonging to the ablest and most distinguished of the age.

Having clearly come to the agnostic position, Huxley did the consistent thing and separated himself entirely from the Christian church, with which he remained in open conflict to the very end. Outspoken opposition in England fifty years ago was so uncommon, and adherence to the English church so much a matter of good form, that Huxley was credited with a degree of virulence in his antagonism which he did not possess. He did not hate the church. He separated from it because he felt this was the only honest course, because he could not join in confessions which he did not believe in nor openly pray to a God who he did not know would or could hear prayer. He did not hate parsons as such, and when he found an honest and friendly man, like Stanley or Kingsley, he could differ from him with courtesy, and unite with him in various forms of effort for the good of his fellow-men. But he set himself against all the narrowness which, we must confess, has not been entirely driven out of the human soul by the incoming of Christianity, and against every form of intolerance and persecution. He fought these evils with an earnestness which was genuinely Puritan in its temper. He was naturally pugnacious in disposition, and had the gift of sarcasm in a large degree; and if, at times, it played with gentle and harmless light, at times it could scorch and destroy like the thunderbolt. But it was always honest. There was no malice in it. When the Archbishop of Canterbury once helped him on with his overcoat, he added to his thanks that "he felt as though he were receiving the pallium"! And when he made the most brilliant, savage and famous retort of his whole life, that upon the Bishop of Oxford for having suggested that he enjoyed the idea of descent from a monkey, it was brought out by what seemed to him gross perversion of truth and misuse of position and opportunity. He respected goodness, and for himself tried to be truly good. In his regard for his family and friends, and in the obligations which association with other men in business and social life produces, he was a model of kindness and faithfulness. No other trait in him was more marked than his chivalrous temper and his nice sense of personal honor. Where these traits are well developed, most of the other characteristics of high morals will be found. He was so chivalrous that he never allowed himself to oppose any man who might deem himself to have claims upon him for support in respect to frankly communicating to him the fact and the reasons.

There are few men who do not let one learn the fact of their opposition from some other source!

Mistaken, then, as we deem him, we must give him the credit for having known clearly what he believed and having consistently maintained it. He deserves not only the respect, but the imitation of Christian people in this respect. His course in respect to the church not only reflects infinite honor on his manliness, but it was of the greatest advantage to him in promoting the views which he held and to which he was warmly attached. He was embarrassed by no demands made upon him for support which he could not really give. He did not even lose pecuniarily by his honesty, for his very freedom made him the literary power he was, gave him his opportunities, and brought him his rewards. And he was spared the personal discomfort and the shame of bringing annoyance upon those to whom he professed to belong but did not.

And in his great contention, he was right. If a man rejects the idea of the supernatural, he is not a Christian. We may grant, for the sake of the argument, though we make no such concession in reality, that he may be right and that Christianity may be wrong; but, right or wrong, he is certainly not a Christian. And when a man does not believe that Jesus Christ is truly God come to earth for our salvation, that he truly rose from the dead, and that he now sends forth the Holy Spirit to convert and save men, that man is not a Christian in the historic sense, whatever else he may be; and his best course is to follow Huxley out of the church, where he can consistently advocate what he believes. The Christian church should be the first to appreciate and extol the chivalrous honor of this most knightly of her opponents in the nineteenth century.

"Reconstruction in Theology."

Oberlin has always been the custodian of a sound and spiritual faith and we have a right to expect that whatever emanates from that centre of evangelical thought is representative of the truest orthodoxy. The book by Prof King of the Oberlin Theological Seminary, entitled "Reconstruction in Theology," is being read by students of religious thought, not only because of its intrinsic merits as a keen analysis of the present theological status, but because it is written by an Oberlin pen. It is a matter of interest, therefore, to know Prof. King's views on the two most important aspects of current thinking—evolution and higher criticism. The two chapters on "The Special Bearing of Evolution" and "The Influence of the Historical and Literary Criticism of the Bible" are of special significance.

It is certainly an indication of the widespread influence of the evolution theory to read such a confession of faith: "In the relation of theology to natural science theology not only accepts science's three-fold restriction of itself, and its insistence upon the universality of law, but it also accepts the theory of evolution as a general statement of the method of God's working." Referring to Prof. Le Conte's definition of evolution,

the author says "To all this, theology need make no objection; and in accepting the theory of evolution, it would only renew its own older emphasis upon the immanence of God."

In making the application of the theory to theology, specifically, Prof. King adroitly takes refuge in the divine transcendence, and rather apologizes for the necessary conclusions (which to him appear as dilemmas) to which he is forced in any such specific application; "It is a perversion of the evolution theory in its real entirety to attempt to bring all the higher stages under the laws of the lower."

He concludes the chapter with the remark: "Unless, then, one is prepared to deny transcendence in any sense of God and so end in the blankest theism—making God responsible equally and indifferently for everything in the world—it would seem difficult to deny some element of transcendence, even in what we call the immanent action of God in the soul." As few, if any, evolutionists are willing to make such denial, we conclude that Prof. King takes his place with theistic evolutionists.

In view of the fact that many bitter words have been written against higher criticism, it is a matter of interest to read these words: "The general outcome of historical and literary criticism, so far as it concerns the New Testament, is certainly thought to be reassuring—to have given us stronger and better reasons for our faith in Christ. Very few, probably, would question that Christianity as a historical religion is in a far more defensible position than sixty-five years ago." These words are either true or false. If true, we have a right to expect a more sympathetic attitude toward historical criticism. If false, let the facts prove them such.

Prof. King makes a signally strong defense of higher criticism, and rebukes the opponents who question the desirability of the higher criticism of the Old Testament as now defined. "And conservatives and radicals alike, we ought all at least squarely to face the inevitableness for our time of just such a study of the Old Testament."

In pointing out the dangers of passing from the old to the new view of the Bible, Prof. King says eminently wise and timely things, and sensibly concludes that what we seek is neither the old as old nor the new as new, "but God's own truth, old or new." His summary of the results of critical study of the Bible should be read, especially by all impatient critics of the Bible, and critics of Biblical criticism. The church is called upon to adjust itself to these results. "But has the church any real reason to fear the result here indicated as the final general outcome of the Old Testament? I cannot believe it."

There is imperative need today for strong voices to calm ingenuous and over-excited fault-finders with Biblical critics. Prof. King's is such a voice, and it is commanding because it speaks with the authority of a scholar, reinforced with facts. His analysis of theology and higher criticism is a rebuke to zealous conservatism on the one hand and to extravagant criticism on the other.

R.

"Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys."

The Executive Committee of the California Home Missionary Society is issuing an address to the churches represented for which we bespeak a sympathetic reading and a cordial response. It is like the bugle-call which sends a body of troops into action. It tells us that the hour is come for the fulfilment of the pledges which once and again have been given, to each other and to our Lord, that the evangelization of California shall henceforth be our independent charge. Voluntarily we have assumed its responsibilities. We have come to our religious majority. We are full-grown men in Christ, and the burdens of Christian manhood are ours. So we have said, in the fervor of our public addresses and prayers, devoting anew to this holy cause "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

Until now, however, there has been no practical test of our devotion. It is coming with this appeal. During the first week in July, they remind us, our society will be called upon to pay out to its missionaries about \$2,000; and toward this amount there is on hand \$900. The apparent discrepancy between the two amounts, however, is not discouraging, for there is a large reserve in the consecrated hearts of many in all these churches, which will need only such reminders as this to take on material form. Most of our churches, as the committee state, took their offerings for the last year only three months since. So it may seem as if the call were soon repeated. But it has only to be remembered that, heretofore, the national society has stood as a sort of "buffer" between the churches and their missionaries, paying out maturing claims from the contributions of the entire constituency, and awaiting returns as we have been able to send them. All this is now changed. We are in business for ourselves and this first call summons us to business-like methods of meeting our new responsibilities.

The Committee suggest several ways in which the stress of this first demand may be relieved. Some one or more of them is certainly practicable, and should be acted upon without delay.

We shall revert in another issue to some principles involved, and topics related to this call.

The long-pending Garcelon Trust suit has at last been decided, and the will of the testator will be carried out. It was in April, 1891, that Mrs. Garcelon bequeathed property, to the value of nearly \$1,000,000, in trust, to Bowdoin College, Maine, and for the establishment of a hospital in the city of Oakland. At once, upon the death of Mrs. Garcelon, the will was attacked by interested parties; and ever since that time the contest has been waged in the courts. It is a matter of congratulation that it has reached its present stage; and that these two most worthy institutions will now be able to carry on their beneficent work.

Chronicle and Comment.

The Merritt Hospital is that which has purchased the Seminary Hill from the Pacific Theological Seminary as the site of its proposed building.

The cause of missions in the South Pacific has sustained a serious blow in the death of Rev. James Chalmers, the Livingstone of New Guinea, at the hands of cannibals, after a life of varied and thrilling experiences.

The veteran missionary, John G. Paton, is now upon the ocean returning to his island home in the New Hebrides, where, for near half a century—forty-three years—he has been witnessing for Christ and gathering the fruit of his sacrificial life.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who for several years past has been so prominent a figure at the Northfield Conferences, has again reached this country. Before leaving London his friends gathered at a meeting in the City Temple to wish him Godspeed.

Another Christian laborer has been called to his reward—Rev. George Leslie Mackay of Formosa. Of him one has said that, "as a missionary, this man stands among the first half-dozen since the apostle Paul set up the standard and led the way. The record of his work among civilized and savage in North Formosa, in the spirit and method and marvelous results, reads like a chapter from Paul's biography."

The Oregonian, in an editorial article upon the Chinese Exclusion law, now about to lapse unless re-enacted, has this to say: "The Chinese residents of this country have organized a movement against its extension for another twenty years, after its expiration in 1902." Referring them to the change observable in public sentiment on this matter, and to the arguments adduced in opposition to any such re-enactment, the article continues: "In equity the Chinese have a good case, but their movement against the Exclusion act will not succeed"; for the reason that neither of the great political parties would dare to favor it, and that, in particular (the entire Pacific Coast, its citizenship and its legislatures alike, would be a unit in hostility to any such action. If this is so—if, that is, equity is on the side of the remonstrants and if, notwithstanding, their case is hopeless—then we have only to say, So much the worse for the country. One thing is sure: nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

It is humiliating to be forced to read such a record of venal infidelity to sacred trusts as comes to us from the Keystone State. A ring of corrupt politicians has been able to rush an iniquitous bill, changing the law as to franchises for street railroads, through the Legislature of Pennsylvania; it was signed at midnight by the Governor; under its sanction charters were obtained from the Secretary of State next morning before office hours; the Philadelphia City Council met that same day in special session and adopted ordinances granting rights of way to fourteen railways, over and under the principal streets of the city, whether already so occupied or not, absolutely without equivalent and in the face of an offered bond for \$2,500,000 by Hon. John Wanamaker for the purchase of the franchises, Mr. Wanamaker's bid being contemptuously thrown aside, unopened, by the Mayor of the city. This is not the whole story; for in the same high-handed manner another proposition, offering three-cent fares and other concessions, by which \$4,000,000 annually would have been saved to the city, was similarly dishonored. The whole story is horrible. The only

bright feature grows out of the very enormity of the outrage. "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine." The people are sluggish in their movements, but, like the sun, "they do move." Power ultimately rests with them, and it is not too much to predict that an avalanche is preparing which will overwhelm those gigantic thieves in irretrievable ruin. It will go far toward hastening the day of public control of public utilities. God reigns, and popular government is not yet a failure.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

When Christ first attended the Passover, and went into the temple and found those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, he made a scourge of small cords and drove them all out of the temple, and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables. Then the disciples remembered the words of the psalmist, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The word "zeal" comes originally from a word meaning to boil, and is similar in meaning to the word "enthusiasm," which is derived originally from two Greek words meaning "full of god," or divinely inspired. Enthusiasm is the condition of mind that conquers obstacles and leads to success in any undertaking. The enthusiastic mountaineer climbs the mountain that has never been scaled, and passes over places where one misstep would plunge the mountaineer into deep canyons. When he reaches the summit he feels an enthusiasm that thrills him. An inventor works all night at a white heat, and is surprised when it is morning. Enthusiasm leads to success in the scientific man. An incident in the life of Prof. Frank H. Snow illustrates enthusiasm: Once, while in Colorado on a scientific expedition, he ascended Gray's Peak, and tried, in descending in a valley, to pass down the side of the mountain by a short cut to save distance. The descent was moderate at first, but soon dropped suddenly into a steep incline covered with old, hard-packed snow. Coming at last to a very steep place the Professor tried to return to the summit by the way he came, but found it impossible. The only escape possible was to climb down the mountain over the hard snow. He had a slender pocket-knife, and he could only descend very slowly by cutting places in the hard snow, in which he placed his feet, step after step. He could only maintain his position with great difficulty, and he feared he would break his slender knife. Thus he worked himself down very slowly after two or three hours, making a critical descent, fearing every moment that he would slip and be dashed to pieces. After telling the incident to the writer in his modest way, his whole countenance lighted up with a glow, when he added, "But I was fully rewarded for all my trouble and danger by discovering at the base of the mountain a new species of butterfly that was entirely new to science." Snow Hall was built and dedicated by the State of Kansas to honor this enthusiastic naturalist. Christ possessed zeal, Paul was enthusiastic, and if more Christians were enthusiastic in the work of the Master more would be accomplished.

The sympathies—and prayers, too—of many friends in all parts of the State will go out to Rev. and Mrs. Geo. B. Hatch, whose little child lies critically ill at Santa Cruz, where they had taken her for her health. Mr. Hatch has been summoned from his vacation trip to the Yosemite.

The Words of Life.

[A sermon preached by the Rev. Henry Kingman at Claremont, Calif., May 12th.]

John vi: 67-9: "Jesus said unto the twelve, Would ye also go away? Simon Peter answered him, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

No doubt Peter and the rest looked with consternation at the retreating figures of those who had been their fellow-disciples. Certainly it was with a shock to their faith that they saw others giving up an allegiance they had once owned, and repudiating Jesus as their Master. They must have looked around them with something of bewilderment, to see how far the defection had gone and who was left. Many had gone. And Thomas and Andrew and Matthew and the rest would have been more than men if there had not been a chill in their own hearts at such a sight. They could not deny that Jesus' mysterious words were difficult to understand, and they were quite unable to explain away the objections to which these led among his hearers.

And when the Master, feeling the sting of the disappointment and the desertion, asked them sadly, "Would ye also go away?" they would look at one another half-anxiously, as they did on the last night they sat with him at supper. Peter said the only thing that was to be said—the only thing that could be said unhesitatingly at such a juncture, when many things were uncertain and but a few things were clear. "Lord, to whom shall we go if we leave thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life." About this there was no question. Words of eternal life he had; and if they did not throw in their lot with a man who spoke such words and did such deeds, they would be untrue to conscience, to the voice of God in their souls. They would be turning their back on light simply because they did not understand its nature. If they did not take him as Master, then all their life they would be masterless. Never man spake like that man; and he who has words that give life, him it is safe to follow.

And so they did! Through perplexity and disappointment and opposition from without, through selfishness and unbelief and pride from within, they clung to him whom their souls told them was a true leader from God. Through Galilee and Perea and Judea, through the day of crucifixion, and the black Sabbath that followed, and the hopes and fears of the first day of the week, they followed him, in the light and in the dark, because he was what he was, though they could not understand.

So would we do! Whether in light or dark, in understanding or bewilderment, in times of moral weakness or strength, whether among friends or foes, we would cling to a Man who spake as never man spake, to a Master who has words of eternal life, to a Savior who still has authority to save. No words or theories of men can obscure the lineaments of the face that looks out upon us from the gospels. Thank God, a divine face, beyond any conceivable human skill to paint! The purity of it, the goodness of it, the compassion of it, it had not entered into the heart of man before; there is dignity there, and conscious godlikeness, and yet so rare a sympathy and love that to those in deep waters now, after eighteen centuries, it comes nearer than a mother's face. It is a face beyond imagination, save for the sight of it in the gospels—of the Holy One of God, as Peter said, and as the last poor outcast plucked from city slums or heathen darkness says today. And when we see the retreating figures of men who once called him Lord, but now walk no more with him, we cry out with Peter in mingled

faith and fear: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Within the last few months there has appeared a volume that has precipitated in our English-speaking world a discussion more searching than any since the time of Straus. It is the new volume of Dr. Cheyne's "Encyclopedia Biblica," and its chief significance lies in the article by Dr. Bruce on the person of Jesus, and that by Dr. Schmiedel of Zurich on the gospel record. As has been justly said, the historical Christ left us by the latter is merely a thing of shreds and patches. He not only does away with the supernatural element in Christ's life, but denies the genuineness of nearly every characteristic utterance ascribed to him. He grants as genuine but two or three of these utterances, and these by no means the most significant. The gospel story is, to him, the creation of Jesus' disciples and later followers. There was a real Jesus about whom these stories clustered, and who inspired their spirit; but in the form we have them they are but a human idealization of a noble human life. The face in the gospels is not divine, nor was it ever seen in fact by soul of man; it is an ideal portrait, and colored by fingers of common clay.

And many, because of these views, will be uttering afresh those piteous words, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Some will ask at once, "Why raise this specter at all? Why bring it up in a Christian pulpit, as though it were worthy of so much as a passing glance by men of faith?"

Alas! that the answer lies so near at hand. It is because no educated Christian young man or young woman of our day can hope to avoid being confronted by this objection to their faith—just as the young people of a generation ago, of whom George Eliot was one, could not avoid sight or thought of Strauss' "Leben Jesu." They must know why such a spectre has no power to terrify. Not for themselves only, but for others yet more, they must know in what a quiet, undisturbed faith may rest.

These assaults of Dr. Schmiedel's are not new, of course; their significance and their danger lie in the quarter from which they come. Not from one heretic, or anti-Christian, or even suspected hitherto, but from the very camp of the defenders of the faith—from the English Church. It is easy to repel assaults from without; but who can measure the danger from assailants from within. A man whose faith is wounded in the house of his friends is a man in an evil case. And from now on, for a time—only for a time—those who read anxiously the signs of the times will see this confused struggle going on in an outlying part of what we had considered our defences. We want to be not only assured for ourselves, and of a quiet mind, but able to give assurance to others who are in distress. And we must know why this suggestion, that the gospel story is but a human creation, should be as idle to us as the whispering of a summer breeze.

It is hard in these days to believe in miracle, but believe in miracle we must, if we are honest, whether we be Christian or skeptic. For this whole question resolves itself into an alternative, a dilemma, between two miracles: Either Christ made Christianity, or Christianity made Christ. Either there was one Jesus, the Son of God, who spake those words, and did those deeds, and lived that life of which we have the story in the gospels, so creating the Christian faith—so that, as we believe, Christ made Christianity; or else, in the utter absence of this divine teacher and Savior, common men of the first century created his portrait—put the words in his mouth,

the deeds in his life, the significance in his death—made up the Christ. Not without a rare leader, Jesus of Nazareth, whose actual experiences were the starting-point of their creation, but yet without any such inspiration or such historical foundation as would make the story other than an idealization of their own. So that we must say that the Christian faith made Christ, not Christ the Christian faith.

Let us never, as honest men, allow ourselves to escape from this dilemma. There is that majestic, wondrous story of the gospels that has changed the face of the world! We can escape neither from it nor from its marvelous majesty. It is as much a fact as the solar system. It had its reasonable and adequate origin, which is as much an object of scientific inquiry as the movement of the stars. That origin in the nature of the case must have been, in the last analysis, from one of two sources—either in the fact of the divine personality of which it professes to be the simple record, or in the genius of common men who could create, apart from fact, so divine a portrait, so marvelous a teaching.

In either case we have a miracle. But in the first case it is a miracle worthy of God, and easy to believe, and the gospels are merely a plain record of fact written by honest men, not wiser than you or I.

But in the second case the gospels become a miracle of genius—that is, so to speak, a monstrosity; a fictitious creation of bigoted and ignorant Jewish peasants that is yet so divinely compelling as to have swayed the minds and captivated the hearts of most of the noblest souls in eighteen centuries; and that meets and fits into the deepest human needs and half-conscious cravings as the sea fills and fits into abysses of the ocean floor. It is not only a miracle gigantic, unapproached, but one revolting and unnatural in God's world, that it should be so designed as to mock and mislead and entangle the sweetest and truest and holiest instincts of mankind—fitted so wondrously for its malicious work of deceit upon the souls of God's creatures.

It should not take one long to decide which of these two is likely to be true in the world of a good God—a miracle of love and truth in a revelation of himself to his children through Jesus; or a greater miracle to baffle and hoodwink and make sport of the very filial instinct of these same children, and which would not be so cruel were its instrument not so cleverly divine. There is a religion—Mohammedanism—which partly deceives by an appeal to sensuality; there is one which appeals to fear of pain and of the weariness of life; but what of one which deceives by an appeal to love and self-sacrifice, to truth and holiness, and the child's innocent trust in the Father? For if all the passion of love which our Savior and Master has evoked in these eighteen hundred years has been evoked, not by him, but by a clever ideal portrait, then we have been betrayed indeed.

Let us look more closely at the miracle which Dr. Schmiedel intimates has done this thing. Let us leave these *a priori* considerations, and come to a critical examination of the gospel record itself. What is there that forbids us to believe, for an instant, that any essential part of the recorded utterances of our Lord is not genuine, or that the story of his life, in its broad outlines, had its origin, not in fact, but in the imagination of his followers?

It is simply that so divine a piece of workmanship must have had an origin equally divine. It grew up—the gospel's story—within about one century; and what was there human in that dull worldly century that could have thought thoughts or spoken words like these re-

corded thoughts and words of Christ; that could have imagined, thought out, created, apart from reality, such a personality as that of Jesus? It is no other than J. S. Mill himself who has put tersely and justly this very argument to prove that the inventor of Christ would be more wonderful than the Christ himself. He says: "Who among his disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings attributed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the gospels? Certainly, not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character was of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that all the good that was in them was all derived—as they always professed that it was derived—from the higher source."

Mark well that the evidence of the truth of the gospel is not at all based on any theory of inspiration whatsoever. One could almost wish that we were free from any theory of inspiration—theories which, in this day, and certainly as applied to the gospels, only blind us as to what is the real foundation of our faith in the Holy Scriptures. If these writings are not obviously divine, no theory of inspiration, or other dogma of the church, will long hold for them men's reverence; and if they be obviously divine, we are diverting attention from their intrinsic right to command reverence by seeking acceptance of any church theory as to how this right became their own. Men may say that they are not inspired. Does this change by a hair's breadth the fact that they have been found through eighteen centuries to be the solemn voice of God to the human soul? And it is this unmistakable divinity of the portrait of Jesus Christ that makes monstrous the suggestion that its beauty and purity and power are from the muddy fountain of Jewish or early Christian imagination.

To illustrate great things with small, we may suppose that there was no definite clue to the authorship of three English dramas of the sixteenth century, "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "Merchant of Venice," save that they came from Shakespeare's time, and had been attributed to him. And suppose some were to maintain that they formed no part of his work, but were put in his mouth—merely inserted in an early volume of his plays as padding by some scribbling editor whose own work they were. Could any conceivable weight of external evidence be so convincing as the absolute demonstration of their Shakespearean origin from the mere internal evidence of their unapproached genius? No other English author but Shakespeare has ever written, or ever been able to write, words that could be confounded with those of the author of the words that bear Shakespeare's name. And the hypothesis of an unknown editor, padding the original volume with such added plays of his own as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," is the idlest folly. Genius cannot long be counterfeited, save by genius. And to come from this illustration to that which unworthily it illustrates, divinity cannot be counterfeited by humanity.

It is impossible to feel the full force of this argument save through an actual acquaintance with the Jewish and Christian literature of the centuries immediately before and after our Lord's time. It is impossible to realize the superhuman eminence of our Lord's words above those of his fellows, save as we have in mind some clear vision of what the thoughts and words of his fellows were. We need to see something of the yawning gulf, the bridgeless chasm, that separates the story of our Lord's life from anything that there is, or was, in the human thought of his age. We need to read at length in

the early Christian works that most nearly approach and parallel the gospel record, to feel the contrast they present, and see how poor and mean and earthly was the best of the Christian imagination of that time when it tried to add to the divine portrait. In no other way can one appreciate to the full the wondrous simplicity, dignity and authority of these gospels.

Sometimes the ignorant or unthinking say, if we let go the doctrine of inspiration: Then what assurance have we that those recorded words and deeds are not merely the insertion, by misguided but well-meaning men of that time, of their own additions and amplifications? What assurance have we that the thought of the world has not been being controlled and inspired, these eighteen hundred years, by a few pedants and peasants, instead of by the Lord Jesus, they putting in his mouth the eternal words of grace? There is no time here to show at length the sufficient assurance of this impossibility, as witnessed glaringly by the literature of which mention has just been made—that barren wilderness, from which no rose of Sharon ever grew. Yet, let me give a glimpse of the contrast.

Perhaps nothing need be said of what the centuries just before Christ were able to produce when at their highest—nothing that lived or breathed or moved. You know—or, if you do not know, see for yourselves—the sawdust of the Apocrypha. Much in it is good, and worthy of being read more than it is in our day, which yet has but just ceased to hold it in a high regard. But the respectable Judaism of our Lord's time could as soon have thought out and created the one parable, say, of the Prodigal Son—and no wilder impossibility could be suggested—as the writers of the Apocrypha have conceived the pathetic figure of a Messiah, Mary's son, walking the way of the Cross.

And the same must be said of that other group of writings, the product of the choicest and most patriotic souls among the Jewish people about the time of Christ, the Apocalyptic literature, of which the Book of Enoch, the so-called Psalms of Solomon and the Sybilline Oracles are perhaps the best examples. There are stirring passages in some of them, but there is no spirit revealed there to which the teachings of our Lord would be conceivable, and to which his own spiritual and unworldly character would appeal. One and all, they simply accentuate the fact that the gospel story is as far from them as heaven from earth. Its spirit is the spirit of another world from theirs. We know that none of those men, or of their kind, put in our Lord's mouth words that were the negation of their hopes and the corrosive solvent of their national pride.

So, still looking for a man, or for a type of men, that could have originated that ideal portrait—the infinitely singular portrait—of one who was the Son of God and the Man of Sorrows, the sinless Savior and the Friend of Sinners, we come to the Christian writers of the century after our Lord's death, or even of a little later time—good men, doubtless, but men who frankly wished to paint the lily and gild refined gold, as they must needs do who would idealize the likeness of the real Jesus of Nazareth. They are the authors of the various apocryphal gospels, who sought either to elaborate the simple gospel story, or to add to the teachings and miracles of our Lord; i. e., who sought to do the very thing that was done by some, if the utterances in our gospels are not genuine. There are fifty or more of these spurious gospels, many of which are still extant. They exercised great influence on the early Church, which received some of them with avidity, and which was so far from be-

ing able to create anything divine that, as in this case, it was scarce able to discriminate between what was divine and what was painfully of earth. And yet, what do thy add to the portrait of our Lord? Scarce one worthy line. They are what we should expect of good men in that age, seeking to do what they attempted; they hang cheap, earthly finery about Him who walked in the glory of God.

(Here followed several extracts from the Apocryphal gospels.)

These are not the most grotesque, but the fairest, examples of the thought of the men of that time about Jesus, apart from actual historic fact. The same note of want of self-restraint, of dignity, of moral purpose, runs through them all. Contrast them, in passing, with the stately simplicity and dignity and moral beauty of the deeds of healing and helpfulness and majesty that proclaimed the presence of the Son of God.

Yet these are the things that were easiest to counterfeit—the mere miracles of our Lord. It is when one thinks of his teaching, of his revelation of the Father by word and life, that any approximation to his likeness becomes impossible. As one goes over that early literature, the best of it—say, even the letters of Clement and of Ignatius—he understands what the common people of our Lord's day meant when they said in astonishment that he spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. The writings of that day glaringly evidence, or frankly confess, their utter dependence, both for the matter and spirit of their teaching, upon the gospel story. The note of authority, of calm knowledge, of heavenly things hitherto untold, nowhere is so much as approached. There is no more danger, nay, no more possibility, of confounding the best of those writings with any recorded utterance of our Lord than of confounding one of those humble yet uplifting, discourses of Phillips Brooks with the sublime majesty of one of the prophecies of Isaiah. They do not so much as come into competition; they are on as different planes as heaven and earth.

And now, at last, look well at the complete figure of our Lord, and try to imagine Jew or Gentile, in his cell or study, seeking to work out such a figure, apart from any guidance of reality.

We think first of the unique, unparalleled presence of the sinless Man in our world of sin. No taint, or spot, or remembrance, or foreboding, of any stain of earth is in his consciousness. Earth never dreamed even such a dream before. He is not one seeking to escape sin by sacrifice or asceticism, but One calmly facing the Eternal God without consciousness of shame or lack or moral inferiority.

And then of him who spoke, with calm self-possession, as one who was King of the Ages, words that would sear the mouth—yes, stagger the imagination—of any human soul. "I am the Light of the World," "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never die." And in presence of death itself, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

And then his promises of grace to men, that no man, I think, for very fear could utter. Of rest to their souls, of bread and water of life, of peace and forgiveness, and deliverance from sin, and joys of God when death should be no more.

Yes! and then of him who was withal a man of sorrows—who did not seek to reconcile this awful incongruity, or disguise his pain, or his helplessness, or even his inward struggles of soul. And who mysteriously

connected this, his suffering, with his power to save; who saw himself as the "Good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the sheep." And then of him who, the Son of God, became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, while the most godly and spiritual souls of his time looked on, dumb with amazement and with terror; so infinitely removed was such a sight from anything that the human understanding hitherto had grasped. And then the victory plucked from death, the return to the glory of the Father, the opening on the narrow Jewish imagination of the world-wide brotherhood of disciples! Did that figure grow to these divine proportions under any other thought or imagination than the thought of God, whose very expression and self-revelation it was?

Looking at it now, out of the unmuffled calm of our quiet life of business occupation, it is a divine figure, is it not? Yet life has proved this much—that when the soul's sight is keenest, undimmed by dust of the daily trodden highway of worldly business, made keen by agony it may be, or crisis of spiritual need, or by looking into the future as through a vacuum of great loneliness, or by approaching dissolution, then this figure is seen to be most divine. Then it comes nearest to our hearts, because it is the only presence in the universe that meets our need.

That which so speaks to the inmost soul of man when deeps answers unto deep and the billows of life have gone over us, that voice, that presence, is not at all of human contrivance. No clever Jewish voice is there behind a mask. No! the universe has no miracle so great as that, so terribly contrived for dissipating the child's confidence in its Heavenly Father. It is the other miracle we have—the miracle of love and truth and grace. And in Jesus Christ we have again our Lord and our God.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

Some months ago I heard a prominent Eastern pastor tell the following story:

"It was during the Spanish-American war, a short time after that memorable Fourth of July when Cervera's fleet sailed out of Santiago Bay, and never sailed in again. The time had come for my annual vacation, and I was trying to decide where to go. I had a summer home in New Jersey and had intended going there; but eighteen young men of my congregation were in the army, and I could not quite content myself with the thought of lolling about a summer home in New Jersey while they were facing the hardships of army life at the front at a time of war. So one day I went into my study and wrote a letter to the headquarters of the Red Cross offering my services for the summer, to go anywhere they might choose to send me. In due time the reply came, ordering me to go at once to New Orleans. I had hoped I might be sent to Santiago; but my orders were 'to New Orleans,' and to New Orleans I went, for I had promised to go anywhere, and even hot New Orleans was somewhere, though not the place a minister would often choose in which to spend a summer vacation.

"Arriving at New Orleans, I reported at the Red Cross headquarters and was at once given charge of a supply-train that was to go to Tampa, Florida, the supplies there to be placed on board a vessel and sent over to Cuba. Among the supplies were some thirty-five or forty mules."

I shall not attempt to give the energetic pastor's de-

scription of his life on that slow-moving supply-train. There was nothing very ministerial about it all, according to the common conception of "ministerial"; but the good Doctor evidently proved equal to the occasion, and in due time he arrived in Tampa with his train-load of supplies.

But let him continue the story: "It was Sunday morning. The vessel was in readiness for its cargo, and these Red Cross supplies, mules and all, must be loaded on board the transport as soon as possible. I rustled about and got together a sufficient number of negro helpers, and we went to work.

"It is comparatively little trouble to load inanimate boxes and bales and barrels; but when it comes to mules one is dealing with a mighty uncertainty. Whether a mule is an animate or an inanimate object depends upon what notion the beast may happen to take into its freakish head. Fancy some forty mules to be persuaded to walk a gang-plank, a crowd of profane negroes to do the persuading, a very profane "Major" up on deck doing his part, and a minister of the gospel in charge of the supplies to be loaded—and the time Sunday morning. The work was finally accomplished, and the vessel steamed away for Cuba, my duties keeping me at Tampa.

"A night or two later I was sitting with a company of army officers on the veranda of one of the hotels, when some one proposed that we go to the bar room for a drink." The others went, but I excused myself, with a 'No, I thank you, I do not care for a drink tonight.' A little later cigars were passed, and when they came to me I said 'No, I thank you, I do not care to smoke tonight,' and went on with a jolly, good clean story I was telling them.

"By and by one of the officers turned to me and said: 'See here! I'd like to know what kind of a man you are, anyway? I saw you down at the dock loading mules last Sunday morning, and though the air was blue with oaths, not an oath came from you. And here tonight you refuse to drink and you refuse to smoke, and yet you seem to be able to hold your own pretty well with this crowd. Who are you, and what are you, anyway?'

"I then told the officer I was a minister of the gospel spending my vacation as an agent of the Red Cross Association; that I was quite enjoying the very stern, practical, business-like life into which I had thrust myself; and that I thought I would be able to get through pretty well and not swear, nor drink, nor even smoke; that such things presented no temptation for me now, though there had been a time in my life when it would not have been so easy to say 'no' to them.

"'Well, I don't believe a man can be in the army very long and keep himself unspotted,' said the officer.

"I soon after went to my room with some such thought as this in my mind: It depends very largely upon what a man has been cherishing in his life in the years before his active army life, whether or not he can be in the army and not let himself down to a weak, unprincipled, sensual life. There was a time when I would have felt that whatever I might be I must do about as the majority of people about me were doing; but I know so well now what a clean, true life, built upon the principles taught by Jesus Christ, means to any man; and I have so long cherished the Christian ideals of life, that there is no longer any temptation for me in the practices which the officer seemed to think must be indulged in by army men."

Corona, Calif.

The Bystander.

Redwood Sketches.

In the evolution of exercise the natural method of traveling, next to walking, is riding on a camel or a horse. The horse is passing away, to a degree, in the cities of this country, which is to say he is supplanted by other and more artificial modes of transportation. He is being driven to the wall by electric cars, by bicycles, automobiles, and steam engines. The Bystander observed that horses were numerous in London, because there the absence of up-to-date mechanism in transportation makes the horse necessary.

The country horse is apparently tougher and more sensible than the city horse, and he knows very well when a greenhorn sits upon his back. The mountain trails, with their ever-changing scenery and long stretches of shaded paths, leading along precipitous heights and over streams in which the trout plays in the sun, and across which the shadows of giant trees fall, is the ideal road for horseback riding. There is no danger of meeting anything except a deer or a stagecoach. Here the horse is king. Riding is good exercise. It sets the blood to going, excites the mind, and gives one the sense of freedom. Like many other things, it must be acquired—this habit and luxury of riding—to be thoroughly enjoyed. To make friends with a real live noble horse, to give him rein and let him gallop away, and with the abandon of a true horseman shout out your liberty with the zest of a rough rider, is indeed a source of physical and mental delight. It is a good pastime for the minister. One reason why Washington was a good general and Jackson a good President and Peter Cartwright a good pioneer preacher is that they sat in the saddle. But the Bystander felt forty years older the next day!

The horse appears to have a good deal of human nature. The "Arab's Farewell to His Steed" is the parting of friends. The horse occupies a large place in the history of the world—from the horses with bells on them to King Richard III and Phil Sheridan, American history is full of famous horses, and while we ascribe honor to great guns and big battleships and noble officers, let us not forget the horses of the revolution and the rebellion and the war with Spain. America could not have progressed without the horse. He was the first steamboat and the first locomotive.

The Bystander has often thought that the horse has never received fair treatment on the part of the artists, who have painted other things well, but not the horse. Paul Veronese and Titian and Van Dyke have painted horses, the like of which nobody ever saw. Rosa Bonheur, to be sure, has given us a fairly true representation in "The Horse Fair," but for the most part, artists know little about the form or individuality of the animal. The five bronze horses over the entrance to St. Mark's cathedral in Venice are far superior to the monstrosities scattered over Britain, on which the Duke of Wellington is seated.

In writing of these horses Goethe said: "A glorious team of horses—I should like to hear the opinion of a good judge of horse-flesh."

But the Bystander did not mean to unite an essay on the horse after the manner of the schoolboy's composition, which always began with the sage remark: "A horse has four legs." It is very unwise to ride a horse with three legs. Good, lithe, strong, fleet legs—these are necessary in the mountain paths of California.

The Bystander will close this homily with his text, viz., he has been on horseback among the redwoods.

The Relation of Men to the Higher Life of Humanity.

III.—How to Make This Relation What It Ought to Be.

By J. Newton Brown.

The last paper contained a brief account of one of the greatest evils of our time. In attempting to remove this evil we must not make the mistake of excusing it. Some do this by saying that men have not the same capacity for religion that women have. Doubtless the religious experiences of men are not exactly like those of women. Men differ from women in their modes of thought and feeling upon religious subjects just as in their modes of thought and feeling upon other subjects. But it does not follow that they have less ability than women to "do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly" with their God, and this involves all that he requires. It does not follow that they are less able than women to understand their duty and do it, and this is the essence of religion on its human side. If the fact that the women in the churches outnumber the men there proved that men lack capacity for religion, then the fact that the girls in the high schools outnumber the boys there would prove that boys lack capacity for education. Some boys are poor scholars, not from lack of capacity, but because they do not like to study. And in another way this argument would prove too much. For it would prove that men lack capacity for temperance and social purity. But so many men have been eminent in piety that those who are without it cannot excuse their neglect of duty by pleading the incapacity of men for religion. And we should never lower the standard of righteousness for men by excusing them for failing to do just as well as the women.

Yet if we understand how it is that men come to fail, we can work more intelligently to prevent their doing so. The explanation is found largely in their environment and occupations. The mischief begins with the boys, who are apt to be off with all sorts of associates when they need to be at home. Too often they are likewise allowed to slip away from the influence of the church and Sunday-school. They are likely to get a poor start in the things of the higher life. When a boy grows to manhood and engages in business, the danger is that he will give to it not only his time and his thought, but his heart; that he will come to think more about money than about people; that he will become a mere money-getter. If he does this he will resign to his wife the duties that belong to him in his relation to the higher life of humanity. The love of money is thus the tap-root of this evil.

Among remedies for the evil the following are suggested:

1. That men quit shirking their responsibility for leadership in promoting the higher life of humanity. For the kingdom of God will not come until they are ready to take the place and do the work for which God made them. All other social reforms are waiting for this one.

2. That pastors and churches become in a new sense "fishers of men," and that in every way they encourage men to meet their high responsibilities in their homes, in the church, and in the community. The wise pastor will not limit his calls to the homes of his people, but will search for the men until he finds them. He will keep in touch with the men in his parish. In his preaching he will not forget the special trials and temptations of business men. And the wise women in the churches, while they do not slacken their activity in missionary or temperance work, or in any other form of Christian service, will not consent to do the men's work for them, but will continually appeal to them to do their share.

3. That pastors and parents join hands in a determined effort to save the boys. If they work together wisely and persistently they can at least secure the attendance of the boys at Sunday-school and at church. And the pastor can become a leader of the boys in his parish.

4. That fathers do all in their power to give their sons as good a chance as their daughters for a high and pure life. The chief responsibility for the future of the boys is with their fathers. And those fathers who will devote themselves to their sons, making companions of them at their fireside, or at their work, can prepare them to be, in the next generation, leaders in the higher life.

It is worth while for us all to do all we can for the little folks that men are made of.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Wind.

I advise all camper friends going for outings in the sweet woods to take with them the last article of Maurice Thompson, printed in a late "Independent." Read it by the camp-fire, and be stirred to emulate his brave example. That is, if you have nerve to climb as he did and sling a hammock in the tree-tops. Whew! but it must have been inspiriting. The bass flopping in the whirl-pool, the poor little squirrel, which took sixteen arrow shots to bring to the frying-pan, are pictures well painted. But the night in the wind and the storm, with swaying hammock posts fifty feet up in the air! Suppose we exchange vacation experiences in our Congregational family paper, our dear Pacific. If you start in with reading Maurice Thompson's article, you will have a thoughtful camp. Don't climb as high as Mr. Thompson did, if wife or sweetheart beg you not to. But let all of us who aspire borrow the tree-hammock idea. And I give a good-night verse from the Book of our God for all who read these lines and seek to sleep a little nearer the stars: "Thou keepest all his bones; not one of them is broken." If you say that verse, use a stout harness when you drive a strong horse; ride behind a sober engineer on the train; look well to your ropes if you climb maples for a Maurice Thompson hammock.

Saratoga's Son.

Our little church was filled yesterday—real church union. All pastors were out of town on well-earned vacations. So it happened Burton Palmer's old neighbors could all come to hear him, as he exchanged with our pastor. He brought us sweet and sound gospel sermons—two of them "up to date" and thoughtful, "fired without a rest," spoken without notes, but well thought out—worth any man's hearing. It was a privilege to go to church; and, we thought, how well worth a man's while it is, when well rested, to give a new people the message of God. What an investment this church has in this young pastor, born here, maybe, but certainly nurtured and developed there, and born into the Kingdom, as he himself tenderly told us, on the front seats of the little church on the hill. May we have more like investments in the Kingdom of God. Better than oil, brethren; surer, too. And they make the face to shine and the heart to glow.

Son, Remember!

If you take the Maurice Thompson hammock posts, take also the Oregon shingles for vacation. Luxury and love. The luxury of the hammock high in the air, to get you above the dirt of earth and the possible crawling snakes. The shingles to mark the road to your Camp

Comfort, so that I may not be lost in a howling wilderness when I try to follow you. "Son, remember." Put up useful sign-boards.

P. S.—The date of that Independent is June 6th. Perhaps if you ask The Pacific they will print it for you. I recommend it to Bro. Ferrier as he goes for vacation. He deserves a rest. The breezy story will follow his breezy editorials well.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
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Peeps into the Workshop of a Busy Missionary.

[It is a good thing to know how other Boards conduct missionary work; so today we will look in on the Methodists in India.]

Yes, walk in and look about our shop, and learn something of what we are doing and how we go about it. It is a good thing to get acquainted with your missionaries and, as the apostle writes, know something of their "doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience, persecutions, afflictions." It is well to know of their successes and triumphs, for, "thanks be unto God, which causeth us to triumph in Christ," you cannot always trust wandering and second-hand critics of missionaries and missions. Missionary secretaries and others write us for information. Their requests run thus:

"When an interesting event or incident comes to your notice, write it out while it is fresh, and at the end of the month send on what you have gathered; a demand for good, bright missionary reading matter, plain statements of interesting facts regarding successes, difficulties, problems, opportunities, needs, and men, illustrating different phases of missionary life and work—our pastors are asking for such incidents as these to use in missionary addresses to churches; we want to urge contributions in the lighter personal vein, as illustrations that live in the memory."

All very good. But how little time the busy missionary finds for this, important as it is for the observer of missions, friendly or unfriendly, and for the encouragement of those who are supporting this work with faith and prayer and gold. Yes, peep into our shop, and often now, and we will make you better acquainted with every-day matters in their concrete reality. You have a right to know these things. The best way, perhaps, is to look on and see how a missionary works; to note the ebb and flow of things around him, the ups and downs, the ins and outs, of daily toil as it touches many incidents and accidents, and the multiplied interests of important work. If you will just watch us a little you will learn much of the methods of work, much of the people, their religion, their thinking and their ways; much of our discouragements and success. You will learn something of our environments in country and climate. The diary of the actual workshop of life makes theories materialize or depart. You watch us work, and the reality of

THE PACIFIC

the missionary enterprise in its nature and needs, in its difficulties and successes, stands revealed. Study it, as geologists say, "in situ."

But glance around the shop and get a hint of what we have to do, and see the tools with which we work daily in three languages. At this ample writing desk, with its labyrinth of drawers and doors and pigeonholes, we grind. Read the labels on these, and the many-sided work will begin to dawn on you. What the noble martyr, Bishop Paterson, wrote is true of almost any modern mission field: "I am now in a position to know just what to learn when once more in England: Spend one day with old Fry (mason), one with John Venn (carpenter), and two every other week at the Exeter Hospital, and not to look on and see others. This is the mischief; do it yourself. Make a chair, a table, a box, a tub, everything. Do enough of every part to be able to do the whole. Every missionary should be a carpenter, a mason, a butcher, and a good deal of a cook."

But the work of the missionary does not chiefly lie along these secular lines, and the good bishop mentioned was, says a reviewer of his life, "at the same time an accomplished linguistic scholar, a well-read theologian, and a profound student of general literature." But we started to look around the shop for a hint of what is to be done. The pigeonholes in a wide case above the desk run: 1. India Sunday-school Union; 2. India Sunday-school documents; 3. Lal Fita Fauj (Anti-Tobacco Army); 4. Kauria Paltan (Penny Brigade); 5. "Bulletin of the Seminary" (a periodical); 6. "The Messenger of the Seminary" (a vernacular alumni journal); 7. Allahabad University (being a fellow); 8. Seminary miscellany; 9. Letters unanswered; 10. Letters Answered; 11. Juvenile Reformatory (a government institution, of which I am a member); 12. Accounts; 13. Receipts, private; 14. Receipts, Mission; 15. Sermons and lectures; 16. Temperance, war, purity; 17. Board of Conference Examiners; 18. Educational Union; 19. Statistics, general; 20. Mission Rooms, New York; 21. General foreign letters; 22. Patrons' letters; 23. Commentaries and New Version; 24. Tracts. Added to these is one large hole marked "Miscellaneous," for untabulated and undifferentiated matter, where one may expect to find things not well organized. Here are drawers containing stationery in a variety of forms, official and unofficial; there are small panel openings full of account books, diaries, journals, *et hoc*. As we look around the room, here are four tall bookcases marked, respectively, "Commentaries," "Theology," "Miscellaneous Literature," and "Old Curiosity Shop." Here by the corner of the writing table is a two-storied revolver, in one side of which are eleven dictionaries in a half-dozen languages; on another side are "Biblical," in several languages, and the rest miscellaneous tools and apparatus. In one corner is the native shorthand writer and typist's table, on which he is clicking a "caligraph." A calendar clock on the wall solemnly marks for us the tread of time. A rifle, sighted up to 1,000 yards, stands in one corner, left by a native Christian for safekeeping. I have not kept a gun myself for many years, lest the temptation to kill game might scandalize my calling in the eyes of the Hindus, who hold all life sacred. A thermometer on the wall tells us how piping hot it gets sometimes. Now, never mind the documents tumbled about the floor, for it is difficult to keep them all up to time and in the trim of an orderly muster. The bell handle is within reach of the office chair to call help when needed. There are many cross fires, and sermons and lectures must be prepared in two languages regularly. Never mind a little seeming egotism, for as

we sit and chat the relation of the "I" to the work will come out. I imagine the heat, and the busy hours and sundry thorns in the flesh, and numerous messengers of death—cholera, small pox, plague, and an occasional cobra—all never very far off, will keep your missionary sufficiently humble.—Rev. T. J. Scott Bareilly, India, in World-Wide Missions.

Micronesian Items.

Rev. M. L. Stimsen and family of Ruk, Caroline Islands, are expected to arrive on the steamer Doric June 29th. A cable from Hongkong announced their sailing from that port, June 1st. Serious sickness is supposed to be the cause of this unexpected coming.

Miss Mary Channel, recently sent to Guam as a missionary of the American Board, finds herself in such ill health there that, under physician's advice, she may have to return soon.

Rev. F. M. Price writes from Guam, May 7th. He had returned from his three months' tour to Ruk and the Mortlock Islands, going as far east as Ponape. The Hydes had got well settled at Ruk, and the Misses Baldwin, our missionaries at their own charges there, are reported as doing an excellent work.

Rev. Mr. Walkup writes to date of April 17th of his busy labors in the Gilbert Islands, he having spent three weeks on shore at Butaritari while his schooner went to Jaluit on a mission of friendly accommodation.

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California.

Our quarterly meeting was held on June 20th. We left cloud and fog that enveloped San Francisco and Oakland for sunshine and balmy air. A genial pastor and a cordial society made us glad to be at the Mill Valley church. It was easy while there to "lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help." After a welcome, given by Mrs. Bell, and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Cross of Saratoga, our honored President being absent, Mrs. Perkins conducted a Bible reading, taking for her theme "Our Country." The texts chosen illustrated five points—faith, opportunities, hindrances, attitude toward the world, fellow-citizenship with the saints. Our leader made so clear the opportunities coming to all who are disciples of Christ to help in speeding his gospel, day by day, even in the small courtesies of life, as well as in the greater events, that the most timid follower of our Master must realize that there is work to do—not sometimes—but those who have special gifts, but all the time, for such as desire to make this earth better and brighter.

Reports from the Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Associational Secretaries filled the morning hour. Our Corresponding Secretary told us of delightful meetings and visits with the churches during the last quarter and of several new auxiliaries organized.

The Associational Secretary's reports show that faithful work is being done.

Before closing the morning session, Mrs. Perkins introduced Mrs. Thos Addison of Berkeley, the newly elected Superintendent of Literature, who will enter upon her duties in September.

The luncheon and social hour was much enjoyed and appreciated.

Afternoon exercises began by singing Mrs. Howard's inspiring "Home Missionary Hymn," and reading the responsive exercise prepared by her.

Mrs. Eastman read Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's paper on "Woman's Part in Home Missionary Work." It

is her part to do and sacrifice, to teach—yes, and to organize, as did the "Female Cent Society" one hundred years ago in New Hampshire.

The next paper was read by Mrs. Merriam on "Woman's Work at the Front." So you see we had a little taste of the "Diamond Jubilee." Miss M. Dean Moffat, the author of this paper, pictured vividly the frontier work yet to be done. "Who shall possess the very much land that yet remaineth to be possessed?"

Miss McClees gave a very interesting and instructive paper on "Our American Highlanders." She described the condition of two million people of Scotch-Irish descent, dwelling in Appalachian America, who are starving, spiritually and intellectually; four hundred thousand are without Bibles, only six thousand children are in schools, while four hundred thousand have no chance of securing an education. These people, who are using the speech, following the customs, thinking the thoughts of by-gone generations, are patriotic, truthful, honest, hospitable and home-loving, but revengeful, as the history of their isolated life shows. They need Christ's gospel and our schools now. In the near future may we, as a nation, not need their help and influence, when trying to solve some difficult problems?

Rev. Mr. Fisher closed the meeting with a benediction, after which, a large number of persons accepted his kind invitation for a pleasant walk to look at the large redwood trees in the neighborhood. H.

Sensitive to Slights.

"The only person in this world who is never disappointed is the one who is on the lookout for slights," once wrote a good-natured cynic.

If one has a disposition to see slights, that alone is reason enough for an unhappy life. In the long run we are apt to get our deserts in this world. If we are intelligent and make the most of our opportunities, we will win social recognition; if we are dull and indifferent, we will be dropped from sight; if we are loving, we will be loved; and if we are cold and self-absorbed, we will be let alone, while if we look for slights and merit them, we will find them thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Thackeray's words, "Life is a mirror, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face," ought to be written on the walls of our nurseries and our schoolhouses.

If you have any degree of supersensitiveness, get rid of it all at cost. Call it by its right name—morbidity, foolishness. Don't flatter yourself that you are made of finer clay than other people and feel more deeply than others do, and so you somehow ought to have greater consideration shown you. Insist to yourself that you imagine slights where there are none. Get strong physically and morally, and banish the specters.

But are there not real slights sometimes? Possibly—let us admit it with hesitation; but they are not worth a pang. Recall the oft-quoted words of the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield to her daughters: "Hold up your heads, girls. [Handsome is that handsome does!]" One's self-respect should be one's shield. If our intentions are "handsome"—kindly, simple, sincere—we can hold up our heads with such a rightful dignity that we shall see no slights, because there will be none to see.—Caroline Benedict Burrell, in Congregationalist.

How all along life we find it that they who are the kindest and tenderest and truest, who understand your trouble as by instinct, who minister that understanding, giving it, are they who, because of their own inner experiences, have acquired the gladdening, refreshing strength they bestow.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

A Vision of Creation. (Gen. i; 1-ii: 25.)

Lesson I. July 7, 1901.

With this lesson begins the religious history of mankind. What follows records their training for glory and honor and incorruption.

A religious aim dominates the entire biblical story. It determines what facts shall be included, and what excluded; the relative prominence accorded to each, and the form of their presentation. It is necessary to bear this in mind if we are to read the record understandingly. To illustrate: The Bible is not a scientific treatise, and is not to be judged by a scientific standard. This is not to say that the soul of true science is not there, but only this, that the spheres of religion and science, while not opposite, are quite distinct—that their approaches to truth are from different sides, and that consequently their forms of expression are unlike. Here, e. g., is this story of the creation of man's world. The writer's standpoint is that of a religious teacher. His whole conception of the events described is, therefore, religious. His interest in them is in their connection with human redemption, which is his specific-theme. His point of view is that of an observer stationed just outside the world, and describing scenes passing before his own eyes. He is in tremendous haste to get past all this introductory matter. So he glances merely at a few salient features, and then hastens on. It is not a scientific description; there was, indeed, nothing deserving the name of science in those days; it was just such a popular account of his vision as any sensible narrator might give to a company of friends. In form, also, it was poetical, as beffited the lofty theme. No man capable of entering into the sublimity of those creative processes could possibly have expressed himself otherwise. Poetry is the only language in which the highest truth can be adequately conveyed. Even a prosaic mind, when fired with sublime conceptions, must be lifted into the higher realms of song. Now this creative story is an epic poem; real history, not fiction; the utterance of a mind spiritually sensitive and keyed up to the highest pitch of imaginative fervor. And just because the essential truth is garbed in poetic dress, has the narrative become a part of the world's literature, and carried its story to men of every age, in a religiously usable form.

Just here, moreover, comes in a marvel—except we assume the Christian explanation to be the true one, in which case it is no longer a marvel, but a holy mystery—how the writers, living when they did and sharing the current unscientific notions of the day, should have told this wonderful story in a way to truthfully present the great essential facts, to men of every age and every grade of culture. As a literary phenomenon these first chapters of Genesis are absolutely unique. Comparing them with the corresponding Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian or classic traditions, the superiority of the Hebrew story must be admitted. In versimilitude and dignity of style it is without a parallel.

The Essentials of a Religious History.

In general these are two—self-knowledge and knowledge of God. For religion is, ultimately, right personal relations to a being outside of, and superior to, oneself. There can be nothing deserving the name which is not personal; nothing which does not involve the devotion of an inferior to a superior. There may be *virtue*, in

the strict etymological sense, without it, but not *religion*. Atheism is fatal to religion.

The character of any religion, moreover, is determined, first of all, by the character of the superior being, and next, by the relations which his worshipers bear to him. This fact, therefore, determines the characteristic features of our Bible. From first to last it is the unfolding of these two central truths: God, and man's relations to God; or, as the Shorter Catechism succinctly puts it: "The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duties God requires of man," the outcome of the whole being the bringing of alienated man back to God in the joyous activities of a loving child.

The first point in religious history is man's place in the universe; what he is, how he came so, and by what means his destiny is to be wrought out. And thus we gain our true perspective for these earliest chapters in the Book of Life: First, man's habitat; then, in due order, man's entrance upon it, the subsequent modifications of his condition, and the steps by which the necessities arising out of these changed relations are met. It is in the development of this process that the record acquires the title just given it, of "the Book of Life." For it is through living persons that God's revelation of himself and of man is effected. Step by step—through lives individual and collective, stage succeeding stage, disclosure opening out upon larger disclosure, as men were able to bear it—God's teaching progressed, until the drama of human life was unfolded and the glorious consummation was in view.

The Story of Creation.

It is upon this preliminary stage in the drama of life that our attention today is fastened. As briefly as is at all consistent with clearness, the first two chapters of Genesis set before us the preparation of the stage and the introduction of the actors.

What are some of the principal facts disclosed?

1. That the world is a created and dependent world. It was not eternally existing; it had a beginning. It did not spring into being through its own inherent energy; it was brought into existence through a power exerted from without. It does not now maintain an independent existence; the same Power which created also sustains.

2. The power which effects these results is God—existing antecedent to creation, distinct from and above it—"In the beginning"—whenever that was—"God created the heaven and the earth." He did this by his *word*, the expression of his intelligent will. "God said—and it was so." Withal, though the connection was so close, yet the distinction of his works from himself is no less clearly set forth. It was not until the last stage that the formula was changed, and "God said, Let this be," is changed to "God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness."

In this narrative, it may also be observed, two separate accounts seem to be combined (i: 1–ii: 3 and ii: 4–25), distinguished only by such differences as two writers, equally truthful but wholly independent, might show, growing out of their separate points of view.

3. It was an orderly and successive process. The world has come to its present condition by gradual approaches. Through what periods of time, or how long the intervals which have separated the stages, the historian does not undertake to say; he simply insists upon the order and the succession.

It is noteworthy, too, that this order and succession is substantially that which the sciences—working inde-

pendently of each other, and of the Scriptures—have designated as the course of nature. The testimony of the rocks confirms the declarations of the Word.

In another way, also, the two are confirmatory of one another. In the Mosaic record we find each new stage marked by the coming in of a new force, or combination of forces, as suggested by the new mandate (i: 3, 6, 9, 11, etc.). And that, too is the utterance of our scientific observers; only thus can they account for the successively higher developments of life.

3. The crown of creation was man. To his coming everything else had been tributary. This feature is common to both the narratives, but is emphatically characteristic of the second, in which the ethical spirit is more prominent. It is here, e. g., that we come upon the distinctive title, "Jehovah," to designate the Creator (cf. Ex. vi: 3, Ps. lxxxiii: 18, Isa. xii: 2, etc.); the fitting up of the "garden" as the home of man; man's naming of the animals, and the completion of the home in the coming of woman to be the complement of man. So, as involved in the creation of this wonderful pair, the following facts seem to be clearly set forth:

(1) Their vital connection with the inferior orders. This would seem to be the signification of the statement that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (ii: 7).

(2) Yet his distinction from these lower orders of creation is no less clear. There is a change in the whole tone of the narrative at this point. It is no longer "God said," followed by the word of command, but "God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our own likeness; and let them have dominion over" all below them (i: 26–30). A radically different relation than any preceding, it is thus seen, binds man to God. Here is introduced into creation the family idea; the impartation to man of the divine life, in its highest forms; involving companionship, vice regency, and co-operation in working out the great purposes of creation. Here, too, are recognized free agency, obligation, and the power of weighing motives; because of which the will of God is no longer imposed upon the creature, but addressed directly to him (ii: 15–17).

(3) Both the individual and social aspects of man are recognized and provided for. "God created man in his own image. Male and female created he them" (i: 27). See also the reason given for the making of woman—no longer the mere perpetuation of the species, but companionship and mutual help (ii: 20); and mark also the closer and holier relations which distinguish man from the mating animals (ii: 21–25).

So the visions of these creative days are concluded, revealing a world which is distinctively man's world, brought into being and fitted up with a view to his occupancy; the God of Israel the Creator (ii: 7); man God's child, dowered with divine attributes (i: 26, 27); established in the very garden spot of the world as his home (ii: 8, 9); gifted with the companionship and help of another, like himself, God's child (ii: 20–23); entrusted with responsibilities akin to those of God himself (ii: 15); recognized by him as a coadjutor in the care of a harmonious dependency (ii: 19, 20); the head of creation, and subject only to him whom to serve is highest honor and most exalted privilege.

The God of Creation, the God of Salvation.

He who said, "Let there be light," is the same who hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. If any man be in Christ, he is also a new creation. He

is pre-eminently the child of God. To him, also, and to his needs, the new heaven and the new earth have been adapted. Made capable of friendship with the Highest, redeemed man also may have fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. With him also Almighty God enters into a partnership of salvation, for "we are laborers together with God"; the Christian family is God's symbol of the hallowed relations of Christ and his Church; and the vision of the "holy city" is the finished counterpart of the "garden eastward in Eden." In our Christian-Sabbath, also, is the earthly reflection of God's complacent rest (ii: 2, 3), and a promise of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. When the apocalyptic picture has become the world's blessed reality, then, and only then, may fellow-laborers cease from their works as God did from his. "And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Religion and Patriotism (Rom. xiii: 1-7.)

Topic for July 7th.

The temptation to shirk duty is greater in politics than in almost any other part of our life. And shirking in our civic obligations appears to disturb our conscience very little. This seems to be the point of the least sensitiveness with multitudes of people. Still, there are few matters in which we can take a part which are so important as these questions of public affairs. The form of government, the condition of public sentiment, and the kind of men who are seen moving about in the administration of law have a quick and powerful effect on culture and conduct. The church and school require the best form of government and the highest character of men in its administration, if they are to do their best for humanity. A corrupt or neglected state usually means a poor school system and a weak church, or worse.

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This opening statement of the apostle is the key to the whole situation. Government is sacred—as sacred as worship. Recalling the situation at Rome, this will be impressed upon the reader of this declaration. In that imperial city the Jews stood very near the obnoxious Roman domination. All the oppression of the one and the resistance of the other would be developed. Nowhere in all the world would the sentiment of mutual hatred be felt so strongly as under the shadow of Caesar's palace. If anywhere in the empire there were adequate reasons for resistance and rebellion against the dreadful yoke of misrule, it would be here, where Jew and Christian alike would feel the sting of despotism. Here, if anywhere, sympathy and support in their position might be expected.

* * *

But Paul, who felt the situation as keenly as any of them, starts with the uncompromising assertion, "The powers that be are ordained of God." Because this is so, "Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers." If this was true in days of Rome, how much more in our day! There are several conceptions which must be dismissed from our minds before we shall stand in our proper place regarding our obligation to politics and government. One is the idea that the machinery of government is a matter of convenience for the time being, and nothing more. Another is that politics is a realm for the exercise of our wits, and means of obtain-

ing a salary or attaining a position of prominence. Still another, and worse than the other two, is the thought that political matters may be treated with indifference by us, just as we take no personal interest in the expeditions to the North Pole or experiments in aerial navigation.

What we greatly need is to cultivate in ourselves and in all others that government is a sacred matter. No unworthy man ought to think of going into political life, or to be supported in it, any more than into the church of God. The church and human government stand very near together. Both are "ordained of God." It is as truly the duty of a Christian to keep the one holy as it is to keep the other pure. If one requires patience and interest, and prayer and service, so does the other. Who shall say that to be a skeptic in political affairs is less offensive to God than to be an unbeliever in religious matters? This is a concern of the conscience, Paul adds. To turn over the making of law and the administration of public affairs into the hands of unprincipled men, is no better than to permit the church to become the tool of designing rascals.

* * *

This is an individual consideration. We have our own place to fill. A Christian has no more right to be selfish regarding politics than towards the church. Self-sacrifice there is as necessary as anywhere. It is also just as creditable. But it is more than individual; it belongs to the church as a whole. The church must change its cry. It has always been crying, "Come." Jesus said "Go." Every community would be better if the church would come out of its hiding place and make itself felt in the public affairs of the world. People have said, and too many have believed it: "Do not mix politics and religion." They ought to be mixed, and mixed by Christians, too, until both are sacred—until the divine intent of both is seen.

* * *

In every community, instead of rivalry, or petty discussions over differences, or absorption over our own selfish growth, the churches of every name ought to federate for the purpose of purifying and making sacred all public affairs. Representative men, and women, too, ought to be chosen from each congregation to take hold of all public measures and insist that honorable men be placed in office and helpful measures be adopted to make the community safe in morals, honest and thrifty in the expenditure of moneys, and attractive to all who desire conditions inspiring to good character and useful life. That condition is coming. And the sooner the church does her duty in that respect, the earlier will that day dawn upon us. Christian Endeavorer, study politics!

Have Faith in Yourself.

The wisdom of life is to do a thing and have done with it. Try to do the best, rightest thing you can—but then, leave it. It may not be the very wisest thing possible. Probably it will not be; you are not infallible. Why should you expect to make no blunders? But if you have honestly tried to make out, in the time given you, what was best to do and have done it, that is all you have to do. Go on to the next! But this is just what many cannot do. They stop. They are all the time looking back. They are thinking how different things might have turned out if they had only done this instead of that. If they had only taken this advice instead of that, or if they had gone their own way instead of taking anybody's advice.—Selected.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland, First.—The return of the pastor was attended by the celebration of the Lord's Supper in connection with the morning service. Six were received to church membership.

Palermo.—There were four additions to the Palermo church on June 23d, by letter. Every department of church work here shows an improvement, with increase of interest and attendance upon the various services.

Cherokee.—Rev. J. A. Benton was ordained Tuesday, the 18th, and it was a very impressive affair. All were very much pleased to meet Rev. J. K. Harrison again, and we are enjoying a grand treat in having Rev. J. B. Orr preach for us for ten days.

Etna.—Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, the pastor, issues a hearty invitation to "all who are strangers and have no church home, who would enjoy a helpful hour of worship on Sunday and at midweek, who are weary and would find rest, who are willing to help us in applying the truths of the gospel to the problems of life."

San Quentin.—Chaplain Drahms reports an interesting case of an Indian convict at the prison, who has spent the past eighteen years within its walls. Several years ago he became a Christian man, and since that time has so conducted himself as to win the confidence, not only of the Chaplain, but of other prisoners also. These testify most emphatically to his Christian character. Following a recent visit of the Governor to the prison and a lengthened interview with him, this man has been pardoned and sent to one of the Indian reservations, to serve there as an assistant to the missionary. As indicating the confidence reposed in him by those who have opportunities for close and long-continued observation, the purse of \$40 from his fellow-convicts, given to him on his departure, is of interest.

Southern California.

Buena Park.—Rev. W. H. Cooke, who was in attendance at the Endeavor Convention, preached at this place June 16th and also at Villa Park. At both places his services were greatly enjoyed.

Barstow.—The new chapel being erected under the energetic supervision of Rev. C. S. Billings, who has charge at present of the work there is nearly completed. The people of the place have taken much interest in its erection, contributing liberally toward the expense.

Los Angeles, West End.—Rev. Fred Field is soon to give up the work at this point and will devote his whole time to the new work at Boyle Heights. Upon the disbanding of the Santa Monica church recently the furniture, consisting of an organ, pulpit and chairs, was given him for this new church—a most acceptable gift.

Los Angeles.—Plymouth church sorrows with Pastor Mallows over the loss of his wife, who died June 21st of consumption. Although never able to visit the church, nor mingle with the people, her patience and gentleness of spirit under great and prolonged suffering had endeared her to many who visited her. In many ways the church has felt the influence of her life, and at the time of sorrow the pastor found many sweet evidences of fellowship.

Notes and Personals.

At a recent ordination service in this State, the opening hymn was the familiar, but hardly inspiring one, beginning, "Come ye disconsolate."

The paper at the Monday Club was by Rev. M. A. Dougherty upon "Unconscious Influence." Rev. Dr. Mooar will be the essayist on Monday next, July 1st.

Rev. and Mrs. G. H. DeKay have had a three weeks' siege, under quarantine, at their home in Los Angeles, with their five children sick with scarlet fever. Friends who know the little folks will be glad to know that all are recovering nicely.

Rev. C. R. Brown has returned from his vacation trip among familiar scenes and friends. On Sunday evening he talked to his church on the religious conditions of the East, and on Monday morning, at the Ministers' Meeting, he occupied some time upon the same general topic.

This is how they look at it in Sonora: "A party consisting of college professors and preachers rigged themselves out in Sonora Monday and started out on Tuesday on a long jaunt. They will visit the Yosemite Valley and return by way of Hetch Hetchy and Lake Elenor, walking the entire distance." In such irreverent fashion the editor refers to dignitaries like Prof. Nash of our Theological Seminary, several from our State University, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Knodell, and others.

Rev. MacH. Wallace, whose brief ministry in Oakland will be so pleasantly remembered, preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the University of Oregon, upon "Service as the Duty of the Student." "Give," he told them, "your civic interest and public spirit. Give to the people your best thought. Lead them forth into the larger faith. The larger faith is full of joy and hope, and is leading Godward. Carry this message to men. You have learned different languages. Learn to interpret the longing of the human soul; learn to speak to man's broken heart. Whatever your creed, remember that a serious mind toward religion becomes a scholar. Whatever your profession, remember that the people expect from the scholar, not darkness but light."

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

Fresh news from Nome tells of the very successful work of the season to as late a date as May 31st. The church and pastor being much encouraged at the continuous congregations, holding up to four hundred in their new and very substantial church building. We are sure that all friends of the Nome work will breathe easier when they realize that behind all the efforts to carry the gospel to the gathering crowds of people so near the North Pole there has come to them for their shelter from the elements and as a home to which they can rally a structure which they call their own and that it has been built without incurring any outlying obligations save to that constant, ever-repeating generosity of the C. C. B. S. The church has, we now understand, no financial relation to the Hospital, the care and support of which has been wholly assumed by a corporation formed for that purpose.

From Seattle two cases of magazines and books went up on the Steamer "Jeanie," April 29th, and the return

of that vessel, arriving here on the 21st inst., brings advices that the reading matter reached its destination and was very gratefully received. Two other cases of books from Spokane friends went forward about the 12th inst., by the kindness of the U. S. resident Quartermaster on the transport "Warren." Several other boxes are yet to go from here to the Nome Library on other transports, through favor of the same authority.

Rev. H. Hammond Cole has resigned his pastorate at Douglas, Alaska, to take effect with the close of the present month, although he has consented to remain for a few weeks later until a successor can be secured. Superintendent Davies, writing from Nome, requests Superintendent Greene of the C. S. S. & P. S. at Seattle to co-operate with the outgoing pastor and the church in finding a minister for them, Superintendent Davies not expecting to be able to get away from Nome before very late in the summer.

This month has been one of commencements, as usual, in all our educational institutions. That at Whitman College began with the usual baccalaureate sermon, preached this year by Rev. Edw. Lincoln Smith of Pilgrim church, Seattle. The address to the societies was given on the evening of the same Sabbath by Rev. B. S. Winchester of Portland. The exercises of the week were of the usual interest. The Trustees at their annual meeting accepted the latest offer of Dr. Pearsons of \$50,000 addition to the endowment fund, on condition of a subscription of \$25,000 being obtained for a Ladies' Hall. President Penrose has gone East and will not return before October. He will be willing to find the last mentioned sum in the hands of some friend awaiting its delivery to the College.

Puget Sound Academy has had a divided year in the matter of its administration, but has been able to more than hold its own under the temporary care of Rev. Chas. E. Lambert, who for five months and until the close of the school year, has been acting principal. The two public exercises of the last week were the most largely attended and most interesting of any since its coming to Snohomish as its new location. Three students were graduated.

Letters missive were recently issued by the Congregational church at Whatcom, and an Ecclesiastical Council was convened on June 14th at their edifice for the examination, ordination and recognition as their pastor of Mr. Richard K. Ham. Nothing more could have been wished by the members of the Council than was found from the personal inquiry as to the experience and doctrinal position and purpose of the candidate. The result was a unanimous verdict to advise the church to proceed to carry out its desire, which was done with the assistance of the Council.

Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., preached the sermon; the ordaining prayer was by Rev. Samuel Greene; the fellowship of the churches by Rev. C. I. Mears; the charge to the pastor by Rev. Wm. E. Dawson; the address to the church by Rev. R. B. Hassell, Moderator. Other parts were taken by Revs. Brady and Cole.

Some of the visiting brethren looked in upon the home of Rev. Alonzo Rogers, a former pastor of this church, who, while able apparently to recognize the callers, was wholly unable to express his own thoughts or hardly to lift hand or foot. It is hoped that those who have known this most excellent brother in the days of his health and large usefulness may find some substantial way by which they may express their interest in himself and his family.

The members of our Columbia City church, residing in the neighborhood known as Brighton Beach, on June 16th, with the advice and assistance of Supt. Greene, organized a Sunday-school of thirty-five members. Fifty-two persons were in attendance on that occasion and will give the school their support. A tent has been pitched for use during the summer and later a chapel will be erected. A Sabbath evening vesper service will be regularly held and a mid-week prayer-meeting.

Dayton, Columbia county; Rev. J. D. Jones, pastor, held a very successful all-day Children's Day service on the 9th, the large audience room being filled on each occasion. This church is considering the removal of its building, three or four blocks distant, and if it can be accomplished will doubtless be greatly to its interest. At present the railroad is too close on one side, while business enterprises are crowding on the other. Already it has the largest Sunday-school in the town.

The churches in Walla Walla county held a fellowship meeting with the Bethel church, Dry Creek, Rev. A. R. Olds, pastor, on the 19th inst. That beautiful grove was a charming place in which to worship. Addresses were made by the pastor, and also by Prof. Louis F. Anderson, Revs. Austin Rice, Elvira Cobleigh, W. W. Scudder, Jr., and Samuel Greene.

Taylor church, Seattle, held a very interesting church missionary meeting on the 20th inst., presided over by Pastor Lambert L. Woods, during which papers on some of the missionary themes, relating to China, were read by various members of the Young People's Society and a splendid address was given by Rev. Harry W. Young on the foreign work. Much and varied music added to the interest and it proved to be one of the best mid-week services ever held at Taylor.

Following Taylor church in its purpose to be self-supporting now comes Edgewater of Seattle and the church at Whatcom with its new pastor. Rev. Wm. E. Dawson declines the call to remain permanently at Blaine.

Seattle, June 22d.

Inland Empire Letter.

By *Iorwerth*.

The commencement exercises of Whitman College and Academy were of unusual interest. The year just closing has been the most successful in the history of the institution. The enrollment of students reached 298. The valuation of buildings and lands is \$125,000, with an endowment fund of \$191,000.

There were thirteen academy and ten college graduates this year. The baccalaureate sermon by Rev. E. L. Smith and address of Rev. B. S. Winchester to the Christian societies were of a high order. The paper of Rev. Myron Ells, D.D., on the "Whitman Controversy," gave evidence of painstaking investigation. It will appear in full in The Whitman College Quarterly. President Penrose has gone East.

Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, has closed one of its most successful years. The baccalaureate sermon was preached June 16th by Rev. Jonathan Edwards. The commencement exercise took place on the 19th, with one graduate. The Trustees are especially gratified at the result of the years' work under Principal Rosine M. Edwards and her assistants, and the prospects for the coming year are far more encouraging than they were a year ago.

This institution is located in the beautiful Ahtanum

Valley. The building is substantial and convenient, surrounded by sixty acres of land, much of it productive.

With wise management and efficient work this school has a bright and successful future before it. Miss Edwards has been engaged as principal for another year, and Miss Dijon and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Chadwick will continue as instructors.

The church at Altnum is a model rural one, and with its able pastor, Rev. A. J. Smith, exerting a powerful and salutary influence over an extended region.

The church at North Yakima, Rev. P. B. Jackson, is in a flourishing condition. During Mr. Jackson's pastorate a commodious parsonage has been erected, and recently important improvements have been made on the church building, costing something over \$400. An organ loft, with pastor's study, have been added, which has given to the pulpit a much more artistic appearance.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The service last Sunday morning, commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the church, was largely attended. Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman gave a historical review and preached from the same texts that were used by Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson and Rev. Harvey Clark at the dedication of the first house of worship, on June 15, 1851. These texts were: Psa. lxxxvii: 3—"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Selah"; and Phillipians ii: 14—"Do all things without murmurings and disputings." He also read the same Scriptural reading as that of the first pastor, Rev. Horace Lyman, from I Kings viii: 22-61, being Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple.

In the evening the whole time was occupied in the rendition of the oratorio of "The Prodigal Son," by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The choir of the church was assisted by the choir of the Taylor Street Methodist church. This was something of a coincidence in that the Taylor Street church choir of fifty years ago sang it at the dedication of the church. The service was a most impressive one and the church was filled to its utmost capacity.

Douglas Island, Alaska.

Rev. H. Hammond Cole, pastor of our first Congregational church in Alaska, at Douglas Island, has given in his resignation, to take effect at the close of his second year of service, July 1st, or as soon after as he can be relieved, when he with his wife will return to California.

During this time the debt on the church has been raised, a comfortable parsonage built and paid for, the Sunday-school enlarged by four new classes, the Boy Cadets and a Junior Society of Christian Endeavor organized, seventeen new members received into the church, and, through the generosity of friends of Alaska in the States, over a ton of books, magazines and papers distributed to miners and families.

Churches, Attention.

The churches in Northern and Central California should remember that the seven cents per member asked for by the General Association are due on or before the 15th of June. Many churches are delinquent on this year's dues and not a few on one or two previous years. Pastors and church clerks are asked to give this matter their personal attention and forward any amounts due to the Registrar, Rev. H. E. Jewett, 2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.

"Better Sure than Sorry."

You may have heard of the man who used to ride in the last seat of the last car of the railroad train, so as to save the interest on his fare as long as possible. He was "born so." There are some housekeepers we know who forget the old proverb quoted as a heading and who are led, for once, into a mistaken economy.

It amounts to this—the use of an inferior gelatine, with uncertainty of results, when failure means loss of time, loss of temper and the loss of your dinner delicacy; compared with certainty of success, no risking of a dainty dessert—the crown and culmination of a perfect dinner.

You see, it is this way; the quality of cheap-package gelatine is cheap, to correspond with the price, while Knox's gelatine, made from the best calf's stock only—and the only gelatine so made—is always reliable, always gives the results you have planned, and makes a pint more jelly than any other package of equal size—a quart more than most of them.

And the difference is only 2½ cents a package.

Taking all these things into consideration, you will never use any other Gelatine than Knox's. Look out for the spelling—K-N-O-X.

It costs you 15 cents a package; two for 25 cents; and is clean and transparent because it is pure.

David's Safeguard.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." "I will mediate in thy precepts and have respect unto thy ways." "I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word."

David had found the safeguard against sin when he said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." We know God through his word; we love him only when we know him. How very important, then, is the study of God's messages to the world! Is Christianity the first business of life? Then nothing but the best Christianity will do, and to know the best we must study and learn.

We diligently prepare for everything we undertake. The lawyer, the physician, the teacher, the artist, and the artisan think no time too precious, no labor too severe to be expended on perfecting their work. Yet, some Christians seem to think that the fitness for their careers will descend in some mysterious manner from the skies, and pass into their souls. It is not true. We must work for all we gain.

Holy living is not something separated from daily life and the laws thereof. It is the most natural thing in the world, and the good Christian achieves perfection in the same way a good lawyer does—by study, consecration and practice. God has left us a text-book in which the wisest and best men of the past have recorded what they learned and what was revealed to them as God's will. In this book we find directions to guide us in every emergency of life, but we must have the word in our hearts if we would use it. This book also reveals to us the life of our Savior in such grace and tenderness that we learn to love him as naturally as we learn to sympathize with Keats when we read his short, sad life story.

Learn more of your Bible; spend hours upon it where you have been spending minutes, and you will soon see the fruit of it in a better life.—Christian Standard.

His Wife: "If you can stop reading about the Boer war for a few minutes, I have something to tell you about the cook."

The Suburbanite "Yes? Is she going to trek?"

Make friends by making no enemies.

Our Boys and Girls.

Be a Good Boy ; Good-Bye.

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

"Be a good boy; good-bye." It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting, or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
Be a good boy; good-bye.

—John L. Shroy, in Saturday Evening Post.

A Little Red Glove.

The twins were almost ready for church; they had on their white pique dresses, starched as stiff as anything, and their red sashes, white pique bonnets with red strings and red slippers. I didn't see what else little girls could expect to wear to church.

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute pair of little red gloves from Richmond, and this was the first chance they had had to wear them. They were fairly on their tip-toes they were so eager to get their ten fat fingers into them.

"Here, Rosy honey," said their old colored nurse, "you jes' run your fingers into dese, while I look for Posy's."

"But these are mine, mammy," cried Posy; "see, they are marked on the inside, 'P-O-S-Y.'"

"All right, den, chile, I ain't carin' who dey 'longs to, jes' so I finds t'odder one."

But one little red glove was gone! It wasn't in the bureau drawer, and it wasn't in mother's glove box, and it wasn't anywhere.

"Let's look in the slop bowl, mammy," suggested Rosy, the tears trembling on her brown lashes. Rosy had had several sad experiences of finding things in the slop bowl that ought not to have been there. But the red glove was not in the slop bowl.

Posy had hers on and buttoned tightly across her fat wrists, and she thought they were the prettiest things in the world.

The church bell began to ring, but no gloves could be found. Poor Rosy; the tears rolled down her cheeks, keeping time to the ding-dong-ding of the bell. But what was Posy doing?

With a very sober face Posy was tugging at her pretty gloves, until at last they came off, turned all inside out.

"There!" she cried, "now we won't either of us wear them. Come on, Rosy!"

Away flew the clouds from Rosy's face, and away twinkled the little feet over the fields to church. The day was warm, the sermon was long, and our little maids

took a sound nap in the middle of it. But the best sermon of all to me was the sight of Posy's chubby bare hands, prettier than all the gloves in Paris, because they were holding fast to the Golden Rule.—Sunbeam.

Which Way Are You Going?

A little girl went home from church one Sunday full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking with her father, who was not a godly man, she said suddenly: "Father, do you ever pray?"

He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her:

"Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said all good people pray, and those that don't pray can't be saved. "Father, do you pray?"

"This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?—The Revivalist.

A Mammoth Watch.

There will be a mammoth watch at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. The watch will have a polished metal case and will lie on its back, and be so large and roomy that people will be able to walk around inside of it among the moving wheels. It will be nearly seventy-five feet in diameter and more than forty feet high, with neat little stairways running all about it. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the "hairspring" will be as thick as a man's wrist. The mainspring will be three hundred feet in length and made of ten sprung steel bands, two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

It is interesting in this connection to read that there is in Berlin a watch which measures one-fourth of an inch in diameter, its face being about the size of the head of a large-sized tack or nail. It weighs less than two grains Troy and keeps perfect time.—American Boy.

Helping Mother.

We like to help our mother when she's working all the day.
My little sister dear and I can help in many a way;
For when she sweeps we help to dust the tables and the chairs,
We get her everything she wants down cellar or upstairs;
We carry water for the plants and pick the opened flowers,
And then she puts them in a vase and calls them hers and ours;
We put our toys up in their trunk when we are through with play,
And say: "We've worked so very hard it's been the shortest day,
And time for any other work we never could have found!"
But she says what helps her quite the most is having us around!

—Margaret Goss Day, in Little Folks.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their sphere.—Carlyle.

The Home.

A Soul to Be Won.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone:
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kinder to guide him a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid today;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak of him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for the time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone,
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won.

The Gentleness of Jesus.

It was gentleness, not weakness. It was the calm sweetness of disposition and manner which illustrates the kindly self-control of a strong, masterful spirit; not the shrinking, timid uncertainty of temper and behavior which resembles gentleness, because it lacks something of the power of self-assertion. It was entirely consistent with sturdiness of conviction, positiveness of speech and boldness of action. It was exhibited, not only toward our Lord's friends, but also toward his opponents. It was especially noticeable in his treatment of all who came to him in fear or doubt or sorrow.

Let those who sometimes suppose gentleness to be a tame, insipid virtue, make careful study of it as seen in the character of Jesus. They will learn to admire it. They will be impelled to cultivate it. They will perceive it to be a fruitful source of true and mighty power. When we understand that one is gentle, as Jesus was, because he can afford to be; because, apart from the moral aspect of the matter, he realizes that he is strong enough in the highest sense to dispense with bluster, we feel that he has attained to a lofty and honorable level of character and life.

Then, when the time comes for righteous indignation of soul—as come it does now and then—and for vigorous, incisive speech in support of the right, or condemnation of the wrong, then the very contrast between one's customary gentleness and his temporary sternness adds immensely to the effect of the latter. If such a gentle spirit can be wrought up to such a pitch, we say: "How grave the cause must be!" We never have known men or women more intense in their opinions, or more unfaltering and potential in their conduct and influence, than some of those who most closely have resembled Jesus in gentleness of disposition and manner.

Gentleness is a characteristic excellence of the truly great. It is also one of the great excellencies. Perhaps no other is so commonly associated with Jesus in our thought. Nor is the endeavor to attain to any other more difficult or profitable. Happy is the home, the office, the factory, the school where gentleness like that of Jesus reigns—Selected.

A Rose Parable.

"I wish you would look at this climbing rose of mine," said the amateur gardener to his friend, the florist. "It is a fine Gloire de Dijon grafted on a strong root of some ordinary variety of rose, which ought to give it a good growth. But it grows very slowly, and will not bloom at all."

"I can guess what is the matter," said the florist; and he went down on his knees, and began to remove the earth from around the root. Sure enough, just below the surface, hidden safely from view, the root had sent out a long straight shoot, which found its way to the sun several feet away, and was already opening a few leaves. The florist took out his knife, and cut it off close to the root. "Now your Gloire de Dijon will grow and bloom," he said. "Or, if it doesn't, just examine the root, and cut off the new suckers it is trying to send out. You see, the root remembers its old nature, and goes back to it. It will never give its full strength to the graft unless you watch it and cut it back steadily. But if you will do that, you will have a glorious rose, for it a strong stock."

Was it not a parable of human nature that the rose taught? The spiritual life is not the natural life for any of us. * * * A secret sin beneath the surface—how many times it has ruined and killed the spiritual life of a man or woman! How many stunted, sickly, blossomless Christians need pruning at the roots! Is there not a lesson for us all in the florist's knife, if we are willing to apply it?—The Wellspring.

Lincoln's Religious Experience.

Hezekah Butterworth, in writing of Abraham Lincoln as a Christian, said:

"One day Mr. Lincoln met an army nurse, a woman of true Christian character. 'I have a question to ask you,' he said in effect. 'What is a religious experience?'

"It was the most important question that one can ask in the world.

"The woman answered 'It is to feel one's need of divine help and to cast one's self on God in perfect trust and know his presence,' or words to that effect.

"'Then I have it,' he answered. 'I have it, and I intend to make a public profession of it.'

"About the same time, or later, he said to Harriet Beecher Stowe: 'When I entered the White House I was not a Christian. Now I am a Christian.'

"In this period of divine trust he made a vow to God to free the slaves by a proclamation.

"At a cabinet meeting he said: 'The time has come to issue a proclamation of emancipation; the people are ready for it, and I promised God on my knees I would do it.'—Ram's Horn.

"Be Careful for Nothing."

We need the peace of God in our hearts just as really for the doing well of the little things of our secular life as for the doing of the greatest duties of Christ's kingdom. Our face ought to shine, and our spirit ought to be tranquil, and our eye ought to be clear, and our nerves ought to be steady, as we press through the tasks of our commonest day. Then we shall do them all well, slurring nothing, marring nothing. We want heart-peace before we begin any day's duties, and we should wait at Christ's feet ere we go forth.—J. R. Miller.

We must be worthy in order to walk worthy.

HE GOETH BEFORE.

"He goeth before us!" Is it infancy? He went before us there, in being himself the Babe of Bethlehem! Is it youth? He "goeth before us" in the nurturing home of Nazareth, sanctifying early toil and filial obedience! Is it hours of weariness and faintness and poverty? He "goeth before us" an exhausted traveler to the well of Jacob, "weary with his journey!" Is it temptation we have to struggle with? He "goeth before us" to the wilderness of Judea, and to the awful depths of the olive groves of Gethsemane, to grapple with the hour and power of darkness! Is it loss of friends? He "goeth before us" to the grave of Bethany to weep there! Is it death (the last enemy) we dread? He "goeth before us" wrapped in the ceremonials of the tomb, descending into the region of Hades, uncrowning the king of terrors, trampling his diadem in the dust! Is it entrance into heaven? He "goeth before us" there. Having overcome the sharpness of death, he has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. He shows us the path of life leading into his own blessed presence, where there is fullness of joy, and to his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.—Dr. J. R. Macduff.

BREVITIES.

True patriotism always begins at home.

One may be sincere and yet be wrong.

Christian people are the most charitable.

Have regular habits of church attendance.

Every blessing should lead us to praise God.

The best way to help a man is to help himself.

Every soul encounters God at some time in his life.

God can take and break and make and use his worst enemies.

It is the self-emptiness of a humble soul that brings the Redeemer's strength in.—Arnot.

The Gospel of the Lord is like this bread of the miracle; it grows when it is used and multiplies when it is divided.—Bauslin.

God tests us benevolently to prove and exercise our faith; the devil tempts malevolently to weaken and extinguish it.—Quesnel.

Religion is a submission, not an aspiration; an obedience, not an ambition of the soul.—Ruskin.

The Father's work is the example and the law for his children; the work of love, the work for others, the work that has tender mercy for its inspiration and its overseer, is Sabbath work.—Abbott.

"To know the Lord." That is a bold aim for my infinite soul, and yet my soul will be satisfied with nothing else. It is not by searching thou canst find out God—it is by following him.—Matheson.

The pure in heart not only see God themselves, but they become a medium for transmitting his thought to others. It is at last as if God were thinking through every look and movement of the purified soul.—Lucy Larcom.

A religious spirit is a noble and imperial bird that, sometimes driven down by the storm, yet keeps his plumes expanded and his eye on heaven, till, in the first gleam of sunshine, it shakes its wet and weary wing, and eagle-like, towers again to the sun.—Taylor.

I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me, that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—George Eliot.

EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE.

I have heard of a canary that was taught to sing, "Home, Sweet Home," by being placed in a room, when young, with a musical box that played that tune. Moses' face shone after he had been in the mount with God forty days. They took knowledge of the disciples "that they had been with Jesus." And it is said of Lord Peterborough that, after spending a night with Fenelon, the great French preacher, he was so impressed with his holy character that he said to him on leaving, "If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

Many a person who is engaged in active Christian work, or who takes a leading part in the prayer-meeting, is so faulty in his daily walk as to be a stumbling-block to others. Sometimes the last people to be favorably impressed by professing Christians are those who know them in their home life. This is all wrong. Test yourselves, therefore, and see if you indulge in any questionable habit, anything in your example and influence that is likely to lead astray those who read your conduct.—D. L. Moody.

The requests we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are. God reads our character in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts.

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TEMPERANCE GROCERIES.

It is a commonly accepted maxim that a man is judged by the company he keeps. Transferring the thought to other realms, we wonder if the sobriety and temperance sentiment of a community can be judged by the places at which it buys its sugar and eggs. If it can, the temperance sentiment in San Francisco, is nearing the vanishing point. There are about one thousand and fifty grocery stores in this city. Over one thousand of these sell liquor, the vast majority being what are known as corner groceries or groggeries. About one grocery out of a hundred is what is called a "temperance" store, where no intoxicating liquors whatever are sold. Furthermore, the number of these temperance stores is diminishing rather than increasing. A number have been forced to add liquors to their stock or go out of business.

The population of San Francisco is about 360,000. The number of church members is about 90,000. The proportion of church members to the whole population is about one to four. The proportion of temperance groceries to the whole number of grocery stores is about one to one hundred! It is plain to see, then, that Christians, the element of the population who ought to be relied upon to patronize temperance stores, do not do so.

This brings us face to face with a serious proposition, viz.: That so-called Christian people cannot be relied upon to carry out in the practical affairs of life the principles of righteous living and dealing which characterized the teaching of the Master whom they profess to follow. Consideration of ease, of comfort, and convenience too often

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blind the Christian's conscience to the demands of righteousness. The art of self-denial and cross-bearing is fast becoming a lost art and few suffer for conscience sake.

Refusing to patronize the corner grocery where liquors are sold, may not mean very much in itself, and may cause some inconvenience; but it is a practical temperance move, harmonizes conduct and profession, and is a protest against one of the worst institutions of our municipal life. In this, as in many other matters, if Christian people would stand together with the same willingness to sacrifice that characterized the early disciples, they could do much toward bringing the kingdom of God.—The Kingdom.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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